



WON BY SECONDS.

The Cup Contest Decided
in a Glorious Race.

VALKYRIE BEATEN BY LUCK.

Her Chance of Victory Ruined
by an Accident.

The Cutter Won the Honors of the Start and Beat the Sloop to the Turn in a Magnificent Race to Windward—In a Growing Gale and Rising Waves She Proved Herself an Excellent Sea Boat, and Pointed Higher than the Vigilant—On the Run Home Her Spinnaker was Bent While the Vigilant was Overhauling Her—Her Irish Linen Spinnaker was Set and was Blown to Pieces—But for This Accident She Might Have Won—The Vigilant had Forty Seconds to Spare After Beating the Cutter's Time Allowance—The Vigilant was Retarded by an Accident to Her Centreboard—Lord Dunraven Thinks the Race Proves the Valkyrie as Good as the Vigilant—Mr. Watson Thinks So, Too.

When the British cutter Valkyrie and the Yankee sloop Vigilant met at Sandy Hook Lightship for the fifth time, yesterday morning, in the race for the America's Cup, they found such a breeze as no racers for the cup have seen since the famous day when the Boston sloop Puritan won the victory by a narrow margin over the cutter Genesee. It was more than a breeze—it was a gale fair in the east, and it came from the edge of the great whirling storm of which the Weather Bureau had told. It was a growing wind from out an ominous-looking sky, and every yachtsman's soul was thrilled with delight at the prospect of a glorious race.

The Vigilant was promptly on hand at the line, but the Valkyrie, having had the ill luck to break something about one of her throat halliards, was late. For about an hour the race was delayed on her account, and then the boats were sent away. By marvellously good handling, and because she is the quicker on her heels than ever completed for the cup, she was put across the line to the windward of the Yankee sloop by almost the length of the line which was crossed on the starboard tack, with both yachts under single reefed mainsails, working topsails, and staysails and jibs.

The best out to windward of fifteen miles to the stakeboat was one of the most exciting contests of the kind ever seen. With a slightly larger jib than the Valkyrie's, the Vigilant seemed to outfoot the cutter, but she did not quite quite so high. As it appeared at each tack made, and at last when the turn was rounded, the foot of the Vigilant about balanced the nose of the Valkyrie, though the cutter really gained. She turned the cleek almost two minutes ahead of the sloop, a clean gain of over a minute.

Then came a most picturesque and exciting run for home. With her reef shaken out, with her spinnaker and her balloon jib set, and with her club topsail set over the little working topsail—an old-time Yankee trick—the sloop slowly but surely overhauled her rival.

Half way to the line the sails of the sloop took the wind from those of the cutter so that she gave a tremendous flop. A moment later a broad beam was seen in the leech of the cutter's spinnaker, a break that seemed to have been made by that flapping of the sail across the sea, though some spectators think they saw it at an earlier and smaller jump of the sail. The British skipper made a plucky fight, however, in spite of all. Another spinnaker was got up, but was quickly blown away. Then he set a balloon jib instead. Although he held, and he made a splendid race for a while, he was beaten by 40 seconds after all. The race had been made.

There was the str of life in the air at sea when the time the related rays of the sun turned the black of night to the murky gray of a foggy morning. The breath of the cyclone swept in from the east laden with shredded mist. The whitish gray of the sea in the wake of the thin rays of the sun was broken by the hurrying equals and waves of wind, while the long low swell grew larger and larger, and milk-white foam gushed from every wave crest. Here and there a fishing smack or a merchant schooner reached away along the coast, pitching and tossing about with only their lower sails set, while the fat old bulk of a lightship rolled and tugged at her anchor chain.

The great racers, as they were towed down the bay, bent to nod to the sea before they had even turned into the swash Channel, and with only their jibs and mainsails set and their lower sails set, while the fat old bulk of a lightship rolled and tugged at her anchor chain.

It was observed by the sharp on their way home the lower bay that the Valkyrie was headed up into Gravesend Bay, where she would overhaul her, and afterward, when she overhauled her in the channel, that the sail was not up by perhaps three feet. Some of the sharp thought this meant a reef to be put into the mainsail. That was a right cheer thought to the men of sporting blood, and a little later they got out near the big sloop and found a reef actually in her. The spectacle fairly lifted the enthusiasts of their fleet.

A BREAK IN THE VALKYRIE.
Then the Valkyrie's mainsail was taken down altogether, and the enthusiasts were sure that the reef was to be put in. But when the sail was taken down, it was found that the sail had broken in one of the throat halliards—a break, however, that was quickly repaired, and the sail was ready to set again.

stout forestaysail was spread to the gale. How the old barnacles exulted in this show of stormy canvas! There were no more of your meekly drifting matches this day, they said, and when they saw the white flyer catch the air a point free and fairly jump to the blast there was not a man on them but was ready to shout with delight.

Meantime the flag ship May, carrying the Racing Committee, had come out to the red buoy and stopped to the north of it. There she hung in the wind a minute and then ran up three little signals that told the sharp the course would be a beat due east of fifteen miles and a run home again. This was at about 11 o'clock. A little later she steamed to her place at the north end of the starting line and dropped her anchor. Then the sharp turned to look at the Valkyrie again and found that she was coming up with her mainsail set with a small reef in it, and her jib up in stops.

By this time the big steamers of the excursion fleet began to arrive. The fleet, as a whole, was fewer in number, but it was astonishing to note that in spite of the Weather Bureau promise of rain and storm the day was very apparently as most as black as ever with spectators. The rest of the earth can take notice that the people of New York have sporting blood which even a Venetian cyclone cannot cool.

THE CUTTER BEHIND TIME.

Sharp on the minute, 11:15 o'clock, the first gun to start the race was fired. At that moment the Vigilant was slashing around to the south of the old red bulk with jib, forestaysail, single-reefed mainsail, and working topsail set, and was doing it in a fashion to make the patriots wild with delight. But the Valkyrie was still in tow of the tug Pulver, nearly two miles away in the channel, with only her mainsail set, though the jib was up in stops. When the gun was fired the Valkyrie cast off the tug, set her jib, and came reaching out to the line. A working topsail was quickly spread, and then the forestaysail, but, in spite of a speed apparently as slashing as that of the white sloop, the sharp soon saw that she could not get out to cross the line on time.

When they discussed this matter the Racing Committee sent a couple of little signals up to the star, which, when interpreted, said that "the race is postponed till 11:30." The committee had very properly determined to give the black cutter a fair chance. By 11:35 she had beaten out ahead of the flag ship and there she came up into the wind, while the white sloop, on her part, was trying to bring a quarter of a mile or so further off to northward.

There was a bit of wigwag signalling between the racers and the flag ship then, which the sharp saw in reference to the next starting signal.

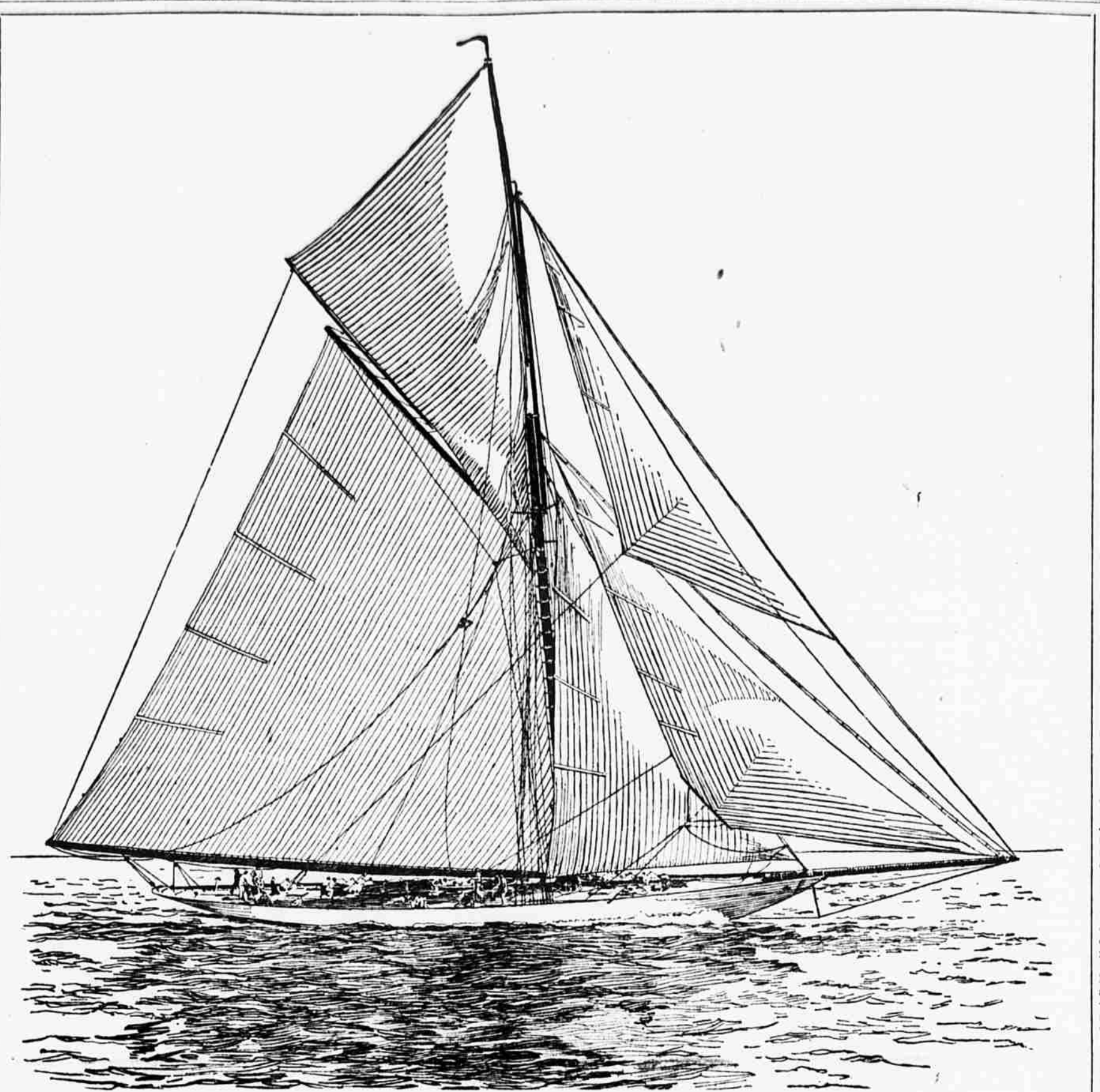
Meantime the excursion fleet, for the most part, gathered in the arc of a circle to the west of the starting line, where of all places they were most signalling the wigwag. The racers should begin to jockey for position from which to cross the line. The breeze was, of course, drifting them constantly out of the way, but the skippers would not have it so—they must turn their propellers over, now and then, to get back again. There was going to be a great race, and they were going to get just as far into it as circumstances would permit.

THE SIGNAL TO START.

After the wigwag mentioned had been discontinued, a tug was sent from the flag ship to each racing yacht with further instructions, and so for a time there was an idle wait, which the yacht sharp improved by taking a look at the barometer, which they found was falling steadily though slowly.

The committee's tug had a long chase to northward and eastward to catch the white sloop, even though she had beat well into the wind. After she got her message, she held her way for a time, but finally she hauled down her staysail, and after a little tacked around again and reached back, while the Valkyrie went a-jumping to and fro about the flag ship.

As the Vigilant came near the line she set her forestaysail again, and then there was a dash for the line. She was flying like a scared deer, but when she saw that the sloop was hanging in the wind she downed her helm and went chasing back again. A minute later she was following the Vigilant in an arc to the northward, and then both headed off to the east and south, with the Valkyrie on the sloop's weather bow. Then the cutter eased off and went smoking down across the Vigilant's bow and headed off for the line. The anti's bow and headed off for the line. The anti's bow and headed off for the line.



THE BEST PICTURE OF THE VIGILANT.

(Photographed by Lozier, of Staten Island.)

Vigilant luffed up on the cutter's weather quarter, and though she said she had won the victory in the jockeying for place; but they didn't know.

No sooner had the sloop weathered the cutter than the British skipper showed his helm hard up and was on his heels in a flash. He made a sailor folk shout with pleasure, clean around, came up into the wind, tacked about, and once more headed for the line, well in the wake of the white sloop, which must needs keep on reaching for the line, for the time limit had about expired.

The Valkyrie was astern of the sloop, but she had used up enough time to make her luff up on the starboard tack across the line at its southern end, while the Vigilant on the same tack was going so fast that she was crowding the flag ship May at the northern end. The honors of the start were with the Valkyrie.

Feeling to the blast till the red copper of the cutter and the yellow bronze of the sloop rose high out of the frothing sea, the racers headed for the line. The wind had set their shrouds a-singing. The keen bows dipped into the tumbling waves, and tossed the spray up where the wind could catch it and drive it smoking and splashing across their forecastle decks. Rising again, they fairly leaped into the air. The Vigilant luffed till every sail flapped, the final gun flashed in the gale, and to its roar the racers crossed the line.

It was a glorious picture, but one which only the sporting barnacles fully appreciated, for the Valkyrie had too much the best of it to permit the enthusiastic young patriots to take note of its artistic effects.

As the racers stood away toward the Long Island shore the sharp began to compare the two critically. They found the Valkyrie's mainsail was apparently reefed less than the Vigilant's, and in consequence the area of sail spread by the two were more nearly equal than in any preceding meeting. That was pleasing to the sportsman, because it gave the cutter a better chance, provided she could stand up under it.

That she could do this was not doubted after the start. She did, indeed, heel a bit more under the wind than the sloop, but she was making excellent weather of it—better, indeed, than the sloop, for the Yankee pounded the sea in a way that spouted gallons of spray aloft where the cutter did not lift plints.

Morover, to the dismay of the patriots, the cutter immediately began to open up the space between her and the sloop by pointing higher into the wind; but plainly she did not travel over the ground any faster. As the Long Beach Hotel rose out of the sea under the bows of the racers the situation for the Valkyrie improved, apparently, until when the sand became visible on the shore she was at least a third of a mile to windward of the sloop, as the sharp said. There was one consolation for the patriots, and that was the fact that the Yankee was travelling through the water a bit faster than the cutter. Of course, too, the cutter had led at about every meet so far held, only to be beaten in the end; but the apparent lead was particularly unpleasant this time because of the strong wind and the new conditions prevailing.

By and by, say at 1 o'clock, the patriots began to say that the sloop's speed was fast enough to make the apparent lead of the cutter delusive. They wondered whether the sloop could not after all cross her bows on a tack. And then the sloop did tack, as if to satisfy her admirers.

Two hundred yards or so of the black cutter the sloop had to go about again, and both once more stood for the Long Island shore as they had crossed the line on the starboard tack.

Nevertheless the patriots exulted. If the Valkyrie was still in the lead she was not much more so than when the two crossed the line. So the two racers stood for perhaps three minutes more, and then, at 1:18 o'clock, when a little over a mile from shore, both tacked out to sea well north together.

It was a smoking contest thereafter. The gale was growing steadily and the waves were rising. The froth of the white caps swept down the green waves in lines that showed where the wind lay. The spray from the bow of the racers spurted into the air and splashed on the head sails half way to the cross-tree, while the smother from under their bows swept betimes in over the lee rails and away at in a snow-white flood. The bubbling waves stretched out like trains of silk lace. Leaping, plunging, swooping across the tossing waves, they sped toward the outer mark.

Stirred as never before, the spectators watched every motion of the flying racers, but whether the cutter or sloop was gaining none could say, so close was the race. That the cutter was fair on the weather bow of the Yankee—the place where she kept the wind from the Yankee's sails—was apparent. And there she hung. At times the sloop would seem to draw ahead, and then again the cutter would seem to move the faster. A closer race in a better wind to try their mettle was never sailed.

Interesting, too, was the excursion fleet, stretched out in the lee of the racers. Only the swiftest steamers could face that gale, and those, with their bows parting the waves in graceful curves, or plunging from every wave down out of sight in clouds of spray, went roaring along as never before. Eventually some of them had to give it up. Even side-wheelers lagged behind lest the strain prove too great. The further the racers travelled the more steamers gave it up, until at last, when the hull of the black tug that marked the stake became plainly visible, only a few more than a score of them held on for the turn.

For almost an hour, until 2:12 o'clock, the racers flew out to sea on the port tack, and then the Valkyrie whipped up into the wind and went off on the starboard tack. The Vigilant held on for a minute more, and then, being on the cutter's weather quarter, though somewhat astern, she, too, followed to the starboard tack.

So far as the sharp could tell at that moment, neither boat had gained or lost anything worth the plucking in all that long board out to sea. But once the boats got tacked around, the Vigilant was out from under the blanket of the cutter's sail, and the patriots said that it was a good time to keep an eye on the Yankee. Certainly she was hunting the cutter in thrilling fashion, but the flag stake was now plainly visible, and the barnacles declared that the Valkyrie would round the turn ahead.

With smoking stride the racers sped for the stakeboat. The excursion fleet spread out for a mile in its lee. The time passed on hasty wings. The cutter shot through the lee of the bobbing flag, came up with every thread flapping, filled away for the port tack, dashed the waves apart, rose on a huge roller to shake the spray from her bow, and then up went her helm, away sagged the main boom over the lee rail, and the turn was done. The cutter had won in as beautiful a beat to windward as ever a yachtsman saw.

But the sloop was still a hunting her, and never was a trail hotter. Right in the wake of the Valkyrie she tacked up about the stake, and the sharp with watches in hand saw that the space between the two was just less than two minutes.

With marvellous speed the British sailors dropped their spinnaker boom to port and

hoisted a big spinnaker to the truck. They jumped the tack out to the end of the boom and then in a minute let it slip back until it was a fathom or more from the end. There it hung and belled in untidy fashion until after the Yankee had rounded the turn.

The British seamen had shown a speed in handling the sail that betokened a very different state of mind among them than they displayed when rounding the first turn in Monday's great race. Then they lagged terribly. But why that tack was left away off so no one could tell in the excitement.

Slow movement but very picturesque was the setting of the Vigilant's spinnaker. The boom came down to place and then the sail in a slender roll was stretched from truck to waving boom end. There it hung for a moment and then burst out like a puff of brown smoke. Up into the air it was tossed by a law of wind, and there for a moment it swelled and swayed until it seemed ready to fly away to the clouds like a veritable balloon.

Then the sailormen got it down to its bearings, where it dragged the white hull through the water in most magnificent fashion. The boom came down to place and then the sail in a slender roll was stretched from truck to waving boom end. There it hung for a moment and then burst out like a puff of brown smoke. Up into the air it was tossed by a law of wind, and there for a moment it swelled and swayed until it seemed ready to fly away to the clouds like a veritable balloon.

For a brief space the Vigilant seemed to gain, but then the British sailors got their sail set in its proper place and after that if the Yankee sloop was gaining the sharp could not measure the race.

Trety soon the Valkyrie people sent up a couple of signals and broke it out, whereat the sharp began to wonder why the Yankee skipper allowed the great space between his spinnaker and his topsail to remain unfilled. The stake was rounded soon after 2:30 o'clock, but the wonder about that space remained until 2:57, when the great balloon jib was seen to sneak up the sloop's stay and it was broken out in rippling waves that made glad the hearts of the patriots.

And then the sharp noticed that the reef had been shaken from the sloop's mainsail and the mystery of the delay in getting her balloon jib was explained. It was about this time that the enthusiastic patriots, for the first time with really good heart, began to invade the barnacles and all the rest of the world within sight to keep their eyes on the racers; though that was just what everybody there was doing without any invitation.

And what everybody saw was such a picture as has rarely been seen. Both boats still had their working topsails set and their booms away off to starboard. To the port side and in front rose the spinnakers and jibs in massive folds. To the excursionists far off on the board hand the racers were two great triangles of billowing canvas driving down the wind just clear of the crests of the foaming waves.

THE VALKYRIE'S MISFIRE.
Before the Vigilant had set her balloon jib the Valkyrie had run up a balloon forestaysail. It did not seem to do much good. The patriots began to say that the Vigilant was gaining, and before the racers were abreast of the Long Beach Hotel the barnacles were willing to admit it. Then the Valkyrie people hauled down their forestaysail and the jib as well, leaving their topsail to fill the space between the spinnaker and the mainsail. Perhaps that was the fatal movement, for the leech of the spinnaker was a foul of every star.

Still the Vigilant gained, until, as the lightship came fairly into view, she was so near in abreast of the Valkyrie that spinnaker and mainsail gave one great flap together. The Yankee had fairly blanketed the dourly Englishman.

A minute later a wide reef appeared plainly in the leech of the Valkyrie's great spinnaker. It made the sportsman groan, for no fairer, closer race had ever been seen before. Still some inconsiderate steamer skippers tooted to express delight. The sharp said that

the spinnaker had very likely been torn at the moment when, being completely blanketed, the sails of the cutter gave one mighty flap; but some asserted that they had seen, without appreciating it, a war in the edge of the sail some moments earlier. However that may have been, the reef rapidly increased, and directly the sailors had to haul down the pieces.

Of course, the Vigilant drew rapidly ahead then, for here every sail was drawing in magnificent fashion. Even the balloon jib belled out round and hard, though in the lee of mainsail and spinnaker. The gale was increasing.

A NEW SAIL BLOWN TO PIECES.
But the British skipper was game enough to rouse the enthusiasm of every sportsman there. As the torn sail came down, another—the white Irish linen one, used on zephyr days, was brought out. Up it was run with a will, but as the black hull rose on a wave, the wind caught the beautiful white spread and ripped it from foot to head at a blast, while holes and rents appeared in a dozen places. The wind had blown it away as a tissue of white paper.

And still the British skipper was not at the end of his rope. The folds of his ripped spinnaker quickly fell over the Valkyrie's bow and the Irish linen, or, as the sailors draged in the water. They were dragged on board and stowed away, and then up came a sail that looked like the balloon jibtop sail. While the sharp gazed it was surprised as a spinnaker, and once more the plucky skipper was hunting the mug.

To the barnacles it began to look as if his chance was not gone, or if so, only by the British seamen had shown a speed in handling the sail that betokened a very different state of mind among them than they displayed when rounding the first turn in Monday's great race. Then they lagged terribly. But why that tack was left away off so no one could tell in the excitement.

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stood seaward, logging off the course. The flag ship signalled that tug and despatched her with messages to sloop and cutter, telling their owners that there would be preliminary, preparatory, and starting signals later. The preliminary gun was fired at 12:07 and the blue-peter hoisted to the fore. Ten minutes later the blue-peter was lowered, and simultaneously another gun barked, and the red canvas spheres were run up to the maintopmast stay. The yachts had ten minutes to manœuvre for the line. Each had a single reef in her mainsail, not that she needed it immediately, but because a falling barometer told each skipper that she doubted would need it before the day was done.

Two minutes before the starting gun the Vigilant ran up on the starboard tack under the weather quarter of the black cutter, heading northeast. The Valkyrie made a short board to port to escape a blanketing, and then snatched away on the starboard tack under the stern of the lightship.

The Vigilant was to the leeward on the same tack. She was a trifle premature, and to save herself the humiliation of going back and starting over again, she was forced to head to the northward, taking the wind more astern. She had to luff up just as she crossed the line to prevent collision with the May. There was very little difference between the time of the yachts in crossing, but there was an appreciable windward advantage in favor of the Valkyrie.

The Vigilant had lost headway in luffing, and she was at least 100 yards to leeward five minutes after the start. The canvas carried by the Valkyrie consisted of single-reefed mainsail, working topsail, forestaysail, and small jib. The Vigilant was armed similarly, except that she carried a jib about twice as large as the British.

It was a question with many Corinthians who followed the racers whether the larger head sail of the sloop did not have a tendency to make her roll off. She certainly had a tendency to point as high as her rival, which nearly neutralized the advantage of her nearly quarter of a mile at 1 o'clock when they were nearing Long Beach. The Briton stood up more manfully to the wind, and her lee of additional lead had helped her immensely.

Both yachts were heading about northeast by east. The Valkyrie was about a third of a mile to windward of the white sloop, which was outfooting the keel boat somewhat. The Yankee went out on the port tack, and showed Long Beach at 1:11, heading to the southeast, and, three minutes later, tacked on the Briton's lee bow, within 200 yards of her.

It was plain that what the Valkyrie gained by pointing the Vigilant had almost equalled in footing. The Vigilant went about on the port tack at 1:18. The Valkyrie followed suit a few seconds later.

At 1:30 the Valkyrie was 200 yards to windward of the sloop, which was forerunning on the cutter's reef, but apparently not enough to counterbalance the black boat's windward position. The Yankee pounded the sea much more than the Briton, or, as the sailors draged in the water. They were dragged on board and stowed away, and then up came a sail that looked like the balloon jibtop sail. While the sharp gazed it was surprised as a spinnaker, and once more the plucky skipper was hunting the mug.

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A MISHAP TO VIGILANT, TOO.

Her Centreboard Was Jammed and Could Not Be Raised for the Run Home.

The victorious Vigilant after crossing the finish line seemed the assistance of a tug and stood for home under her own canvas. She made the run from Sandy Hook Lightship to Bay Ridge in just two hours, under jib and mainsail alone. It was just 5:20 P. M. when a sailor on the Atlantic Yacht Club shouted: "Here she comes!"

A second later the Vigilant, her Roman-crowned crew, came dashing by Owl's Head before the first of the long-looked-for gale. As she came tearing along past the Bay Ridge anchorage every vessel there saluted. Cannons, pistols, firecrackers, steam whistles, and in fact every thing that could make a noise, were kept busy answering salutes.

On board the Vigilant were Oliver Iselin, August Belmont, Perry Belmont, Osborn Iselin, Thomas E. Willard, Herbert C. Leach, Jr., J. Barton Hopkins, the Hon. Charles R. Smith, who represented Lord Dunraven, Nat. Herricks, and Capt. Halsey and Terry.

Mr. Iselin, who was largely responsible for the building of the Vigilant, and to whom, in a large measure, her success is due, said, in speaking of the race:

"There is really very little that I can say. We have won the race, and the cup is safe."